

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

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VOLUME 4

NUMBER 6

SEPTEMBER, 1905

Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second Class Matter

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
5 CENTS A COPY BY THE YEAR 50 CENTS
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES 75 CENTS

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GOING TO PASTURE.

From the painting by A. Braith.



WHAT HUMANE WORKERS ARE DOING



Enforcing the Cattle Shipment Law

Every one who believes in the humane treatment of animals, and every one who is interested in the maintenance of public health, will applaud Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture for his announced determination to prosecute the railroads for their notorious violations of the federal law regulating the transportation of cattle. The law says that live stock may not be carried in cars more than twenty-eight hours without unloading for water, food and rest for a minimum period of five hours. How persistently the law is ignored may be inferred from the fact that although the penalty in each case is a fine of from \$100 to \$500, only \$20,000 has been collected since the statute was passed by Congress in 1873. That represents at the most two hundred cases in a period of thirty-two years; but Secretary Wilson, it is now asserted, has testimony covering twelve hundred cases, and it is further declared that he will bring suit at once in the circuit courts of the United States. Some of the roads are said to have begun negotiations for a compromise, but if Secretary Wilson means business, the suits will not be withdrawn. It is said that the transgressions are by almost every road in the country that transports live stock, and that the evidence was secured by the aid of inspectors and taggers who have been taking notes at points of shipments for over a year past, all over the country, from Maine to California.

This question of the transportation of cattle is one of the most important of the many with which a higher civilization has to deal, and one is disposed to believe at times that it can never be solved rightly till men and women are sufficiently advanced in intelligence and sympathy to refuse to consume as food the flesh of any creature. If one could follow the poor brute of the plains through his tragic course as he endures starvation, thirst and cold; see him, if he survives the hardships of his early existence, stalled and fattened often in the most unhealthy way in order that he may bring the highest price in the market; watch him as he is goaded into crowded cars and carried for days, trampled, wounded and half dying, across

the country to the slaughter house; see him as he is hustled down the fatal gangway to his doom,—if one could see all this, one would perhaps feel convinced that the flesh of a tortured, fevered, starved, thirsty animal could not by any possibility be wholesome food, and must, on the contrary, almost surely be injurious, if not actually poisonous to human beings who consume it.

This is the hygienic view of the matter, and with many it will no doubt have a significance that any purely humane, or so-called "sentimental," considerations cannot offer. But those who have investigated even in a casual way the history of cattle transportation in America and the conditions under which live stock are now transported know that the horrors of the middle passage in the old slavery days had nothing to show so abominable, sickening and heartrending. From these millions of cattle, sheep, calves and swine that are every year offered up as a hateful sacrifice on the altar of man's deliberate or ignorant greed goes up a cry of pain and desolation that can never be silenced. The evil cannot be brought even within the limits of endurance till the interstate transportation of cattle for slaughter shall be entirely forbidden and slaughter houses under government control are established in every state, so that if cattle are to be used as food they may be prepared for the purpose in the most humane and hygienic manner possible.

A Crisis in Bird Protection

The recent death of Guy M. Bradley, a warden of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who was shot and killed by professional plume hunters, on an island off Key West, Florida, while in the performance of his duty, may have one good result in arousing the American public to the magnitude of the warfare that is being waged against the birds, and the deplorable effects that are sure to follow if a determined effort is not made at once to prevent the hunters from carrying on their deadly work. Commenting on the Florida tragedy, the Chicago Herald says:

"In the great bird drama that has resulted almost in the extermination of the egrets there are three sets of offenders, comprising the hunters, a miscellaneous lot of merchants and numerous vain and heartless or thoughtless and ignorant women. Responsibility rests most of all upon the women,

without whose demand for the birds there would be no slaughter of those innocents. The merchants are thinking only of making money, and in their eagerness put a premium on lawbreaking. It is said, for example, that New York feather dealers have offered \$32 an ounce for the plumes. That, of course, is a big temptation for the class of men to whom the appeal is made; and though they know well enough that the laws prohibit the killing of the birds and prescribe penalties for their infraction, they are willing to take the risks for such large bribes."

The question of preserving the birds has been very effectively set forth by Mr. William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, 525 Manhattan avenue, New York. Mr. Dutcher says:

"A simple proposition, in fact a public duty, is now before the American people. Shall the sea birds be preserved for future generations? Unfortunately this class of birds gather in colonies during the breeding season, and are thus in greater danger than the wild bird that breeds singly. Plume hunters can still kill them as in the past, when large colonies on our seaboard were destroyed in a single season. Another method of extermination is egging; this is quite as fatal as killing the birds. There are yet small colonies of sea birds on the coasts and large inland lakes of the country which will serve as a nucleus and may by the greatest care and watchfulness repopulate our country with these birds.

"If this desirable result is to be achieved, action must be taken at once by the public: it will not do to neglect the matter another season or our children will say to us what we now say to our fathers regarding the buffalo and wild pigeon: when you had the opportunity to save the sea birds you did not do it and we are deprived of a part of our heritage. The sea birds can only be saved by placing at each colony, during the breeding season, an energetic, faithful and fearless warden who will stand guard during the three months when the birds are brooding their eggs. The part the public can take in this great economic and æsthetic movement is to supply the necessary funds. The National Association of Audubon Societies, an incorporated body, will do the administrative work.



TEDDY POOR.

This particular Teddy was taken from the League three years ago and found one of the best of homes in Melrose. He is very intelligent, meets the postman and paper boy and carries the letters and papers to the house and goes to bed regularly every night in a real bed, just like a person.

"During the present breeding season this association has forty such wardens employed, but this number should be increased to at least three hundred men in order to fully guard all of the remnants of colonies that once existed. The public are urged to join the National Association, the membership fee being five dollars a year, all of which sum is used in bird-protection work, as the executive officers of the society contribute their services without compensation.

"The seashore without the sea birds would be like a garden without flowers or a landscape without trees. Unless active measures are taken now to prevent this disaster it will surely come."

Here in Massachusetts, it is interesting to learn, an aggressive campaign against the plume hunters has been opened by Chairman Field of the Fish and Game Commission. It is asserted that no less than forty thousand terns or sea gulls have been shot

on Cape Cod and the adjoining islands, and many letters are reaching the commissioner giving instances of violations of the law. The Boston Herald reports that "Dr. Field's agents have completed a careful canvass of all the Boston millinery houses, and in most instances there has been found a manifest disposition to avoid trouble and comply with the law, by the withdrawal of the birds, wings, breasts and feathers in stock from further sale. In one case, that of a wholesale house in New York which sends its drummers through New England, the head of the firm breathed defiance at first, and wrote that he intended to make a test case of it; that he would send his drummers to Boston and Massachusetts to sell all the birds he wished to. Dr. Field wrote back that his test case would start right away with the arrest of his drummers wherever found with contraband plumage birds in their possession. Nothing more has been heard from the gentleman. Massachusetts milliners know the doctor means what he says."

When the figures of the millinery slaughter houses are counted up they are rather appalling. Ten million birds a year, it was estimated in 1896, were required to supply the women of the United States with suitable hat trimming; forty thousand terns in a single season on Cape Cod, a million bobolinks near Philadelphia in a single month, twenty thousand birds sent to New York dealers in four months from one village on Long Island. England imports between twenty-five million and thirty million birds a year. One London dealer received from the East Indies alone four hundred thousand humming birds, six thousand birds of paradise and four hundred thousand miscellaneous birds. Altogether it is estimated that between two hundred million and three hundred million birds perish each year to trim the hats of the women of the world. It is impossible to estimate how many birds are killed for "sport," as the millinery output is estimated. But if men and boys are not as great sinners as women in the extermination of the birds, it is only because they have not the same opportunity. Italy, the land of music, has been rendered almost songless by "sportsmen," and, incredible as it may seem, the nightingales even are being exterminated.

A humane act, which has called forth the earnest commendation of the Kentucky Humane Society

and the Animal Rescue League of Louisville, was that of Messrs. Levy Brothers in buying and giving away several thousand straw bonnets for horses. The only condition was that the horses be driven to the store and be fitted, and every bonnet was taken in short order. It is to be hoped that the time will come when every owner of a working horse will be as careful to provide the animal with a head covering in hot weather as he is to provide himself with a hat. Till that time comes such philanthropy as that of the Louisville merchants is certainly to be praised.

Many who are interested in humane work will regret to hear of the severe accident that has befallen Mrs. Jennie B. Powers, the brave and tireless agent of the Keene, New Hampshire, Humane Society. While on a night drive in search of a horse that was being cruelly treated, Mrs. Powers fell through a barn floor and was seriously injured. She has been in the hospital at Keene and will be obliged for a long time to walk with crutches.

STORIES THAT ARE SAID TO BE TRUE

Intelligent Animals

Laddie, the Aberdeen city policemen's dog, is now well on in years, but is as keen for duty as ever, according to the Aberdeen Express. Thirteen years ago, when a pup, he ran away from home in the West End and "took up" with the police. Ever since he has been loyal to the members of the force. Others he will not follow. At first he attached himself to the day men, but afterwards gave day duty up and joined the night shift, to which he still adheres. Night after night, fair or foul, Laddie is on the prowl, and has never been known to be off duty for an hour. At night, when the men muster at the Central Police Office, Laddie takes his place beside the inspector, and when the order to march is given he sets off with a bark and a bound to his night's duty. His beat is in the Rosemount district, where he is "well known and highly respected," particularly by the children, who are kind to him. Occasionally Laddie and his little friends fall out. That happens when the young-

sters become rather noisy and demonstrative at their play round a shop window, but then "constabulary duty's got to be done." Nothing serious happens. A bark and a scamper, and it is all over. Laddie never goes off his own beat when on duty. He faithfully follows one constable. Sometimes the dog may be seen lying outside the police station at Leadsie Road waiting for his friend, and when he appears away they walk together. Like his fellows, Laddie has no love for cats, but he restrains himself and never allows his sense of duty to become subservient to his contempt for the feline tribe, and pussy, so long as she behaves herself and keeps within the bounds of the law, may romp unmolested. In the morning Laddie accompanies the first detachment to go off duty to the Central Police Office, and when they are dismissed at five o'clock he generally takes a stroll as far as Belmont street to wait for the men whose night work is finished at six. When the word "dismiss" is given, Laddie shows his delight by a series of barks, and off he trots in search of breakfast. At a dairy on his beat he is provided daily with milk. During the day Laddie may be seen in the neighborhood of Lodge Walk, where the children of a well-known bank official provide him with a dinner. Laddie, notwithstanding his long service, is as alert as ever. At the scrape of his friend's, the constable's, foot he will prick up his ears and stand to attention. He has been known to lend valuable aid to his master in a row, and when a citizen has to be escorted to the Police Office, Laddie follows at a respectful distance. Laddie is a collie of common breed that cannot boast of a distinguished pedigree, but he is a quiet, sympathetic, kindly dog and is the pet of the force, who share their "piece" with him and who declare that he is "very human" in all his ways.

A writer on natural history complains that men are prone to regard masculine courage in defence of others as a virtue purely human. In reality self-sacrificing for the female sex or for the young is part of the scheme of nature, and every male thing is strong and splendid in appearance because he is the descendant of those who have proudly held and guarded "the privilege of death." Another writer tells a story which illustrates this point. Two entomologists, hunting at night, clambered over a gate with their swinging lanterns and found themselves in a field filled with sheep. The result of



DANDIE.

This beautiful Angora is the property of Mrs. James N. Vinal of Cambridge, a member of the Animal Rescue League.

their coming was panic and a furious stampede. The sheep charged helter skelter away from the lanterns and huddled together at the far end of the field. But there was a ram among them, and as the flock scurried away this creature stood firm, covering the retreat. Then, steadily and majestically, the huge ram advanced with lowered head toward the mysterious lights and pressed them back to the gate. This is only one graphic story of many that might be told of masculine courage throughout nature. Man has some virtues which animals, so far as we can judge, know nothing about; but heroism, the pride of affording protection to the weak and daring death for the security of the flock, is not a human attribute alone any more than is maternal affection.

Bob, a collie dog, returned to its old home in Austin, Ill., a few days ago from South Haven, Mich., one hundred and seventy-eight miles away, says the Albany Journal. When it arrived it was so exhausted that it slept almost continuously for three days. The dog, owned by Ruby Henry, formerly a baker in Austin, was taken away five years ago when the family moved to Chicago. Several weeks ago the family went to South

Haven for the summer and took the dog with them. It seemed restless and two weeks ago disappeared. Suspecting that the dog might have gone to their former home in Austin, Henry went to the house and found it. The dog was overjoyed on seeing his master and was taken back to South Haven.

This story of Bob is effectively matched by the story of a little Scotch terrier, vouched for as a true story by M. D. in the *Animals' Friend*. The terrier was left motherless when he was a wee puppy. The cat in the house took pity on him and nursed him, and brought him up along with her family of kittens. When he was quite a grown-up dog his master gave him to his brother, who lived at Jarrow, in Northumberland. Now his master's home was in Newburgh, a small town in Fifeshire, on the banks of the river Tay, from which a steamer goes to Dundee, some miles down the river. By this steamer he was sent, in care of a friend, to Jarrow. At Dundee he had to go by another steamer to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and then he had to change to a third for Jarrow.

When the poor little fellow arrived at his destination he was tied up to prevent his running away. He became very savage, and did not take kindly to his new master. He would allow no one to come near him, even to feed him; his food had to be pushed to him in a tin, by means of a long pole. Poor little animal, his heart must have been nearly broken. He had been fastened up in this way for about a week, when, by some fortunate means, he managed to free himself and get away. Of course, he was given up as lost, but he was too clever for that. What was his old master's amazement to see him walk into his old home just as if he had never been away! The sagacious little creature had made his way to the steamer at Jarrow and gone on board, then at Newcastle he changed and found the boat for Dundee, and, lastly, the one from Dundee to Newburgh. The crew of the boats recognized him, but never imagined he was travelling alone. They kindly gave him food. After a time he was sent away a second time by the steamers to the same place, and again he escaped, and made his way home by the same methods. But on this occasion his former master happened to be in Dundee, and found him on board the steamer in which he, too, was coming home.

Edward G. Naumann of Bloomfield, N. J., is the owner of seven little chickens which were brought to life in an incubator. Mr. Naumann is also the owner of a pet dog. The dog was basking in the sunshine the day the little chickens were turned out to scratch, and one of the little chickens butted up against him and immediately took shelter under his fleecy hair. The six others followed suit. The dog did not resent the intrusion and the chickens made themselves very much at home, making short excursions from their shelter and then running back again. When the dog got up and moved he was followed by the batch of little chickens, and when he lay down again the chicks again used him for a shelter. The intimacy thus formed developed into a mutual attachment and the dog assumed a guardianship over the chickens. The dog, Mr. Naumann says, is a wonderful guardian and protector. While there are no fences around Llewellyn avenue premises, yet such is the sagaciousness of the dog and his intuitive ideas of surveying and geography that if the chickens attempt to cross the line of the Naumann place the dog noses them back to their proper bounds, and if a cat appears in the neighborhood the dog puts it to flight. The dog is very considerate of his charges and when they want to rest he lies down and the chickens cuddle up against him.

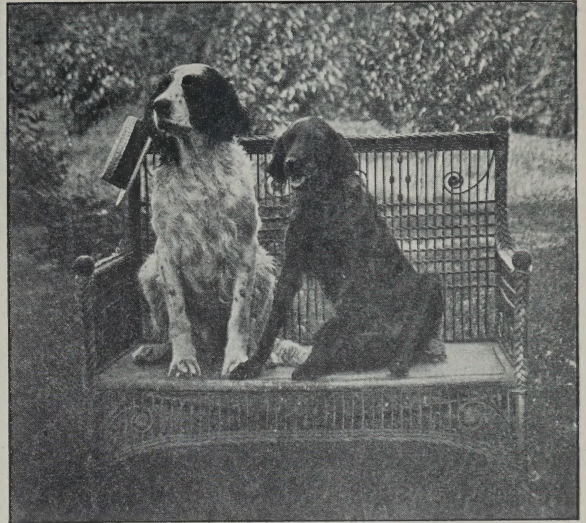
A frightened, shivering mite of a fox terrier with bloodshot eyes and foam-flecked jaws kept a hundred or so otherwise idle people at bay in Fifth avenue yesterday morning, says the *New York Sun*. There was a blood curdling rumor abroad that he was mad and that here was a chance to kill something without getting into jail. He had come tearing down the street from nobody knew where with a vociferous crowd of boys and men clattering after him. He fled for refuge into the areaway of a fine brownstone house near Fortieth street and there made his last stand. The crowd filled the sidewalk and overflowed into the street. Two venturesome men got clothes lines, made slip knots in the ends and tried to throw the loops over the dog's head. The dog dodged and retaliated with snarling dashes at his tormentors, causing frantic stampedes every time he did so. It looked like a continuous performance with no end in sight when a tall, good looking man forced his way through the crowd and leaped over the iron fence into the area. He had a carriage

blanket in his hand and in a twinkling he had the blanket over the dog's head and was holding the animal safely down. It was gingery work, for the dog was snapping and snarling viciously, but somehow the tall man kneeling beside the wrapped up dog got his hands under the blanket and around the animal's throat. Holding the dog thus in front of him and letting the blanket fall, the tall man went back through the crowd and got into an automobile that was waiting. Somebody brought him the blanket. The man-not-afraid-of-the-dog was Dr. Woodbury, Street Cleaning Commissioner. He still held the animal with his hands clasped around its throat to keep it from biting as he started down town with his automobile. "The dog was no more mad than I am," said Dr. Woodbury afterward. "He was just terrified out of his wits by the mob that was hounding him. I turned him over to a policeman, and the policeman let him go as soon as he found a quiet place."

That was very good of Dr. Woodbury and the policeman — but what became of the dog?

A special despatch from Danbury, Connecticut, to the New York Times, tells of a cow that adopted a colt. The cow was owned by John Heffernan, who has a small farm near Danbury. The mother of the colt, which was a valuable brood mare, fell and broke one of its legs, and had to be killed. The expedient of bringing the colt up on a bottle was adopted, but the little animal did not take kindly to this means of nourishment. Mr. Heffernan found the colt following one of his cows contentedly about the pasture lot with a calf, which is of its own age. The cow watched over the two with impartial motherliness and suckled them both when they notified her in their own way that they were hungry.

"I saw a very pretty scene a day or two ago during one of the heavy afternoon rains," writes a correspondent to the Jacksonville Times-Union. "A little kitten, the pet of some children probably, with a blue ribbon around its neck, soft gray fur and dainty white feet, had wandered out into the street, and feared to cross the gutter where a swift stream whirled and dashed along. It was mewing piteously, but no one paid any attention to it. In this busy world the moaning of a human being



FANNIE AND FLEET.

The dark-colored dog on the right of the picture is a thoroughbred Irish setter taken from the League by Judge W. H. Osborne of East Bridgewater a year ago last March. Fannie is a great favorite with the entire household and has as good a home as any dog could desire. The dog on the left is Judge Osborne's English setter, Fleet, who is Fannie's playfellow and companion.

excites but little attention; how much less, then, the crying of a forlorn kitten. Then there came along a great Newfoundland dog, with bright, intelligent eyes and glossy coat. Attracted by the little kitten's distress, he gazed at it a moment, then glanced quietly about him. The nobler animal, man, was going by unheeding, so this dog walked out into the street, picked up the kitten in his mouth and carried it gently to the sidewalk. There he placed it on a dry spot, licked it kindly once or twice, wagged his bushy tail and went down the street. It was a little thing, but it struck me that that dog had something higher than intelligence."

Dan, a black cat owned by Dr. Clark of Louisville, saved the family by death from fire by making such an unusual and prodigious noise he awakened the doctor and his wife. The warning did not come a moment too soon, as they had to escape in their night clothing. Fortunately the cat escaped too, and Dr. Clark says nothing will be considered too good for him in the future.

HUMANE EDUCATION

Need of Humane Education

It is discouraging to note how strong the savage instinct is in man, even when he is called civilized. Pigeon shooting, which the Women's Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Pennsylvania is now fighting against, dog and cock fights, setting dogs on cats, and shooting any kind of game, appeal to the average boy and are the most enjoyable pastimes of many men. Men call it healthful sport to kill and maim. There are even writers who call themselves humane, and think they are, who with the evident desire of catering to the popular taste declare that the lower animals are incapable of what we call suffering. William J. Long, in his *School of the Woods*, has a chapter on "The Gladsome Life," which he wrote especially to convince his tender-hearted readers that birds do not feel as unhappy when their nests are robbed as we imagine they do, and that the fox and deer positively enjoy being hunted.

Mr. Long, however, is not exactly consistent, as in another chapter of the book, before he was troubled by the fear that his stories might pain some of his readers, he writes about a doe: "At sight of me she stopped short, trembling violently, her ears pointed forward like two accusing fingers, an awful fear in her soft eyes." One would naturally infer from that description that the doe suffered. And again: "Around us, out of sight, ran the fear-haunted mother calling, calling; now showing her head with the terror deep in her eyes; now dashing away with her white flag up to show her little ones the way they must take." Was she then enjoying the opportunity given her to cope with her powerful enemy, man?

Tender Animal Mothers

A wild beast tamer of long experience tells some interesting things of the affection of animals for their young. He had an elephant once, he says, who did all in her power to spoil her young one. She fussed over it and cuddled it up so that when the time came for it to leave the cage it was simply unmanageable. When one of the men made a bold move toward the baby, he was promptly butted in

the stomach and bowled over in a peculiar way which the youngster had of expressing his feelings toward those whom he disliked. At last, by a ruse, the mother and son were separated. But there was no such thing as keeping them apart. The baby rubbed the skin off its forehead and trunk trying to get through the bars, and both wailed so long and piteously that the keeper was obliged to put them together again. A shy baby camel that passed through the hands of this same trainer refused to look upon the world except from its favorite station, between its mother's legs. The mother, too, would show her displeasure at any effort toward intimacy by spitting violently at every one in sight. The kangaroo also is very fond of her offspring, and will patiently carry it about long after it is ready to hop on its own account. But for a display of pure affection the mother monkey beats any other animal, and when there is an addition to the family circle there is general rejoicing. A baby monkey sticks fast by its mother, and asleep or awake it seems always in her thoughts.—*New York Tribune.*

A Humane Writer

It would be a great thing for the cause of humanity if there were more such fearless and earnest writers and workers in behalf of the weak and oppressed, whether the sufferers belong to mankind or what we call the lower animals, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose writings, poems or prose, are more frequently and widely quoted than those of any other modern writer. In a recent article Mrs. Wilcox has been good enough to say a kind word for the Animal Rescue League of Boston. The fact that her articles are widely read is proved by letters that have since been sent to the League from various cities and states asking for humane literature, a request the League has been only too glad to respond to. The following poem written by Mrs. Wilcox has been often quoted but cannot be quoted too often:

Kinship

I am the voice of the voiceless,
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The wrongs of the wordless weak.

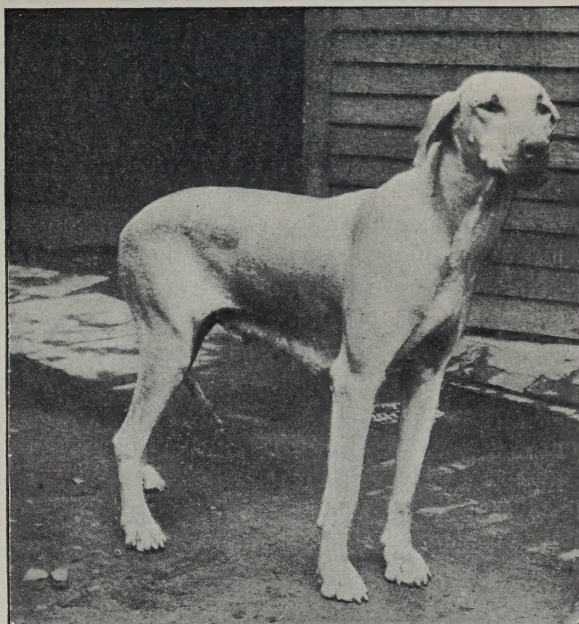
From the street, from cage, from kennel,
From stable and zoo the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh shame on the praying churchman
 With his unstalled steed at the door,
 Where the winter beats with snow and sleet,
 And the summer sun rays pour.

Oh shame on the mothers of mortals
 Who have not stopped to teach
 Of the sorrow that lies in death's dumb eyes —
 The sorrow that has no speech.

The same force formed the sparrow
 That fashioned man, the king;
 The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
 To furred and feathered thing.

And I am my brother's keeper —
 And I will fight his fight,
 And speak the word for beast and bird
 Till the world shall set things right.



A STRAY FROM WINTHROP.

A Grateful Stork

A story of a stork is told by a German paper. About the end of March, 1891, a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of the schoolhouse in the village of Poppenhofen. One of the birds appeared to be exhausted by its long journey and the bad weather it had passed through. On the morning after its arrival the bird was found by the schoolmaster lying on the ground before the schoolhouse door. The man, who, like all Germans, considered it piece of good luck to have the stork's nest on his house, picked up the bird and took it indoors. He nursed it carefully and when it was convalescent used every morning to carry it to the fields a short distance from the house, where its mate appeared regularly at the same hour to supply it with food. The stork is now cured; and every evening it flies down from the roof and bravely walks by the side of its friend from the schoolhouse to the meadows, accompanied by a wondering crowd of children.

The inhumanities of the Japanese are described in an article by Eleanor Franklin, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly. After writing of the indifference shown to any suffering of human beings, and the terrible cruelty in treatment of the insane, the writer says that a Japanese does not know what an overload is. He simply piles things on a wagon until nothing more will stay on, then he whips the horse or ox until the tortured animal is forced to pull the load; she saw one ox lie

This female mastiff was running wild in Winthrop. Her pups had been taken from her and she had been stoned and driven about till she became very savage. She was finally captured by one of our agents and brought to the League, where she became so gentle and affectionate that she won the love of all who had the care of her.

down in the street with exhaustion and the driver was forced to unload. The oxen are often fastened by their noses to the wall in such a manner that their horns are forced back to the shoulders and left in this most painful situation for hours. "How often," she says, "have I seen this awful exhibition on the country roads throughout Japan, and how it has made me hate the smiling little people who are capable of such heartlessness." There is certainly need to preach the gospel of kindness in Japan as in all countries.

The Austin Humane Society is going to have a series of lectures given in the different churches to advance the cause of humane education. The first one was given by the president, Colonel Miller, in one of the churches on a Sunday evening in July and was very impressive.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

Farm Animals as Pets

A charming and artless account of the way in which farm animals respond to petting is given in the following extracts from letters written by a farmer's wife in New Hampshire to a friend in Massachusetts. To understand the narrative, the reader should bear in mind that Jerry and Jim are the horses. Juliet, Daisy, Sophie and Susie are four of the cows. Edward, Isabel and Midget are some of the calves. Rubie and Tiny are pigs, and Jack is the cat. The horse, Jen, was cross and ugly when they bought her, and reason enough she had for being so, for her former owner used to beat her with an iron nut tied on the end of a whip. Now see the change.

"Jen has got so tame she comes down alone for her drink, then comes to the door and 'Mar' is always ready with four apples. Sometimes I don't have but two. It happened once I told her I was in a hurry and to go back to the barn. She got part way up, turned around and came back to the door. I went down cellar, got more. She expects four apples. Juliet expects salt from me; she won't take apples unless they are sweet and chopped fine.

"Daisy, Sophie and Susie go up behind the schoolhouse for their drink, a half mile, so I don't see them every day. I met them to-day coming back. I was going up to the next house. They were quite pleased to see me, and Sophie was going back with me. I think she would follow me anywhere. Edward, Isabel and Midget come to the door and to-day they were here, and Rubie and Tiny come. They like to come as well as the calves, but they say 'Urg' instead of 'Mar,' but I understand them and give them milk. They come down by themselves, without a rope, Clinty just opens the gate, they grunt and start for the house.

"Now I must tell you about my new family. I throw crumbs out for the birds. I began with one bird, a blue jay, now I have four blue jays, one chickadee, one woodpecker and a squirrel. The blue jays and chickadee come back of the house, quite near the windows; the woodpecker

and squirrel on the wall this side of the ice house. I feed them every morning. I expect to get them nearer to me some time. I guess you think I have enough without so many extra ones to look after, but it don't take long and I enjoy it. I guess they do, too. I told Frank I would like my picture with all of them. I may have them tame enough some time.

"You are waiting to hear about my barn family. Well, Jerry is the oldest. He has got so he looks for me as wishful as the rest. He is never disappointed. He looks better than when he came. Jen turns her head and looks for me as she goes by. When she comes back she gets an apple or gem. She likes them as well as you. (Here let me add that a man in passing remarked that she was kept looking better than when her former owner had her.)

"The cows are all out to pasture, but I go in to see them. They all come when I call to them. I give them salt; they don't like the apples I have now. In the barn they tease me. I give them clover. They all look nice; give me about thirty-five pounds of butter.

"Seven of the calves are in the pasture. I go down to see them. I call, 'Edward, come see Mar'; he hollers, 'Mar'! and you can hear first one and then another, 'Mar'! and their feet don't seem to carry them fast enough. Then you know how they act when they get to me. Of course they get something good, and I get walked all over, and my face washed. Edward is eleven months old next Wednesday, but he loves me just as well. Blanch, the baby, is at the barn nights and where she pleases days. She pleases mostly down by the house, looking for me. She likes to play and to eat what I cook,—gems the best. The rest being in the pasture, she gets most of my petting. Jack stays outdoors most of the time, unless it rains, then he likes to come in. If he sees me out, he comes purring around me until I come in.

"I guess that is all of them, but the pigs. I have been teaching them. Ruby is a real smart pupil. I think if I only had time enough I could teach her a lot. I say to her, 'Go, sit down like a lady,' or, 'Go way back and sit down like a lady.' She sits right down, and makes her mouth go. I put something she likes in her mouth. If I say, 'Go way back and sit down,' she backs a little, and sits down just as a dog will. You would laugh to see her.

"The other day she got out and came to the door. Ritta went out to take them back. Ruby got out into the road and sat up with her mouth open for something to eat. She did look cute. Tiny won't do it very well, and she is a big hog. She gets Ruby's every chance she can. We have four little pigs that Frank got. They have got so they will run all over you. George sat down one day and one run into his lap to lie down. I guess they are eight or nine weeks old."

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

For the Boy who owns a Dog

A writer in the Washington Post has the following sensible advice For the Boy who owns a Pet Dog:

"After a dog is licensed he should never be allowed on the street without a collar marked with address and license number. A strong strap collar may be bought for from twenty-five to fifty cents and is less liable to be stolen than a more expensive collar. A dog found on the street without a collar is liable to be taken for an unlicensed dog. A collar that is fitted too close to the neck causes a dog much suffering.

"Feed your dog at least once a day generously, giving him some meat, with table scraps or dog bread. Some dogs require two meals a day. Dogs do not all thrive on the same kind of food. Feed regularly, and do not let your dog go begging at your neighbor's house. If a dog seems hungry it is better to feed him twice a day than to let him get too hungry, when he will bolt his food and bring on indigestion.

"Keep a dish of fresh water where your dog can get it at night or by day. Dogs need to drink often, and many of the diseases of dogs are caused by the need of fresh water.

"If you keep your dog in a kennel see that it is raised at least six inches from the ground. A damp kennel causes rheumatism. Make a bed of clean straw or a piece of thick carpet that can be washed, and do not expect your dog to lie on the bare boards. In winter hang a loose piece of carpeting before the door to keep out the cold winds and

storms. Small dogs and short-haired dogs should be kept either inside the house or in snug kennels at night.

"Do not keep a dog chained; it will make him stupid, sullen or vicious and is a cruelty to such an active animal. House dogs should be exercised twice a day. A dog is naturally a very active creature and suffers in health and spirits when kept most of his time shut up in the house. No dog should be kept in a flat unless it is a small pet house dog.

"When a dog is getting old and infirm do not allow him out on the streets alone. An old dog, lost and bewildered, is a pitiful sight.

"Do not allow your dog to chase and to kill cats and smaller dogs. This habit gets the dog and his owner into trouble and sometimes costs the dog his life.

"Do not let your dog follow your bicycle or automobile unless you wish him to have fits or drop with exhaustion and heat.

"To keep a dog well give wholesome food, plenty of fresh water, enough, but not too much, exercise. If the dog seems sick give some simple remedies, like olive oil, sulphur, cascara in small tablets, castoria, which will often save a dog from serious illness.

"If your dog snaps at you or froths at the mouth or has a fit, wet his head and put him in a dark room. Keep him quiet; if he is getting worse send for a doctor. Do not be afraid of hydrophobia, but exercise every care."

An English writer, G. Leighton, disputes energetically in the *Animals' Friend* the assumption that every dog must have distemper. "For the last twenty years of my life," he says, "I have reared 'toys,' Japanese spaniels, King Charles (of all dogs the most subject to distemper), also large dogs, and not one has had the disease at all, or shown the slightest sign of it. Another mistaken idea is, that it is a disorder peculiar to the young, and that a dog, if once over the distemper, is safe from having it again, whilst the fact is, no age is exempt from its attack, and a dog can develop the malady any number of times. The digestive tract is the principal seat of the disease, and the malady is caused mainly, if not solely, by improper food; also sometimes by baths, by puppies not being kept

sufficiently warm or allowed to sleep in a damp place. Distemper shows itself in various forms; in 'toys' generally by fits, when, if meat is given to them, their end is certain death, more or less rapid in setting in. If distemper attacks the lungs, it is an easier case for cure. The dog must be kept from the outer air, in a room of equal and warm temperature, a linseed poultice (as warm as the dog can bear it), slightly sprinkled with a tiny amount of mustard, should be applied between the shoulders, where the lungs lie. The dog should be nursed on the lap until the poultice is cold—so that he cannot wriggle out of it—then a band of flannel passed round the body where the poultice has been, and tacked on with a needle and thread. This operation repeat several times if necessary. The animal must not be crammed with food; a little bread and milk or a plain biscuit should alone constitute his diet. Beef tea, soup, gravy are all fatal, and but serve to strengthen, not the dog, but the disease and decrease his power to recover. A loaded stomach does much injury in every case of illness, especially with dogs; and if the dog does not feel inclined to eat, which is often the case, particularly in highly bred animals, no alarm need be felt. Nothing of a solid nature must be given; the diet should consist solely of barley (boiled until it is quite soft) and bread and milk. On no account give a warm bath. Everything in distemper should be avoided which tends to debilitate, and good nursing will pull a dog through where medicines fail."

Should a horse when worked in very hot weather suddenly pant, stop sweating, lag, stagger and tend to fall, stop work at once, get him into a shady place under a tree where there is a draught of air, sprinkle him with cold water from a sprinkling can, bathe poll (back of ears) continually with cold water, and give at once a strong stimulant, says a writer in the Live Stock Report. An effective draught would be two ounces nitrous ether and half an ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a pint of water, or half a pint of whiskey with like amount of water or in cold coffee. Repeat dose once an hour until better. For the fever never give tincture of aconite. Saltpetre in ounce dose may be given once and repeated in three hours. Acetanilid, so popular among veterinarians, is best avoided by amateurs.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of August there were brought to the League 229 dogs, 1791 cats and kittens, and 8 birds,—an aggregate of 2028.

A well dressed, prosperous-looking business man, giving a Newton Centre address, came to the League August 28 with a handsome tortoiseshell cat in a basket. He said it was his cat, that he had no use for it, and he wanted it chloroformed. He was told that it was customary for people who brought their own cats to the League and who could afford it to make a donation of twenty-five cents.

"Huh!" was the response; "I'm not going to give any money. I thought this institution was free."

He was told that the League was founded for the care of homeless animals.

"Well," he said, "if I pull the cover off the basket and let the cat go she'll be a stray, and then I s'pose you'll take care of her."

"You would do that?"

"Sure, I'll do that."

"You can leave the cat."

That same day a poor man in working clothes came to the League and went through the buildings and yards, evidently much interested in what he saw. When he came back to the office he stood and read the placard which says: "If every visitor would give at least five cents we could care for several hundred more dogs and cats every year." He watched while a fashionably attired woman dropped a dime in the box. Then he went over to the window, pulled out a shabby purse, looked in it, sighed, shook his head, and went slowly out. In about twenty minutes there was a ring at the door and the same man stood there, a deprecating smile on his face.

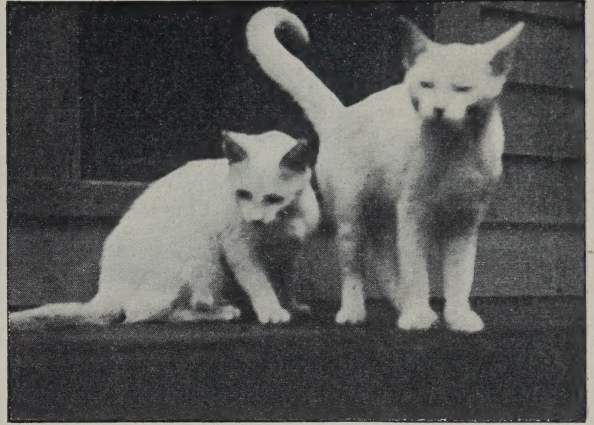
"Lady," he said to the matron, "I couldn't go away without giving something for the dogs and cats, but this half dollar is all I've got and I can't give you the whole of it. Give me back a quarter and you're welcome to the rest."

And once more we are forced to recall the old adage: "It takes all kinds of people to make a world."

Among the seventy or eighty requests that come to the League every day that we send for animals, are some that are pathetic, some that are tragic, and some that are humorous. One woman, living in a suburban town, wrote that her cat had strayed away, she had not the slightest idea where it was, and she wished us to send an agent to find it for her. As an inducement she offered to pay the agent's car fares. Of course she did not think of the scores of sick and suffering animals that were awaiting the call of our agents to be relieved from their misery, or that the search for a stray animal such as she described might last for days. Like other of our well-meaning friends and critics, she saw only the case in which she was immediately interested and she could not understand why the entire resources of the League should not be turned to one point to the neglect of all the other demands that were pressing upon us.

One of the helpful friends of the fourfooted is Mr. A. L. Parker, station agent at Belmont, Massachusetts. Not long ago a dog, evidently in the last stages of distemper, was put off the train at Belmont and left to die. Mr. Parker rescued the dog, put him in a box, and sent him to the League by express at his own expense. The animal was in such a condition that he could not be cured, so he was quickly put out of his sufferings.

It is no unusual thing for dogs to be brought to the League that we have reason to believe have been wilfully abandoned. A fine looking bull terrier, picked up on Endicott street in this city, was here for several days. A man who lived in Everett said he knew the dog, that it belonged to a family living near him and that one of the family was heard to say, "We don't want him any longer. I'm going to take him in town and see if I can't lose him." Probably that person had never had his or her attention called to section 53 of chapter 461 of the acts of 1894 in the public statutes of Massachusetts, which provides that any one who cruelly abandons an animal is liable to imprisonment for one year or a fine of \$250, or both such fine and imprisonment. People who think it more humane to turn out cats and dogs to shift for themselves than to have them killed need to be reminded that the hard-headed legislators who make the laws think somewhat differently.



TWO LEAGUE CATS.

Lost, probably, and not abandoned, was the poor little female Spitz, blind in both eyes, brought to the League from Charlestown. She had been clipped and showed good care and was evidently somebody's pet. As in the case of an old, blind and deaf pug, found in a vacant lot in Dorchester, she had probably been left to the custody of some careless person and allowed to stray away. The pug had been a prize winner in its youth and was the treasured pet of a little girl who had grown up with it from babyhood. It had been bitten badly by some larger dog and lay in the vacant lot for several days before the League was notified.

A toy black and tan terrier, female, very old, with cropped ears, was sent to the League August 23 by Mr. René Quentin, of Keith's Theatre. Mr. Quentin writes: "I found when I got home at 6 P. M. a lot of children, at least a dozen of them, banging and kicking the poor little brute, who was cornered in my back yard and crazy with pain." One of the children, it appears, was bitten by the tormented dog rather severely, and the father of the boy wanted the animal kept under observation and an autopsy performed to determine whether or not it had hydrophobia! The little creature is very friendly and contented here at the League and shows pathetic signs of playfulness. She will be kept for a time with the hope that she may be claimed by her owner.

It is a noticeable fact at the League that animals of a certain kind often come to us in groups. If we have one St. Bernard we are pretty sure to get

three or four, and the same is true of collies and setters. Sometimes the yards seem to be full of fox terriers; at other times black mongrels are in force. What is true of dogs is also true to a certain extent of cats. Of late pure white cats with eyes of various tints have been coming in till there were six or eight at one time. One of the latest arrivals is a pretty white Persian, picked up in Malden, where she had evidently strayed from a good home.

"Dear friends of the friendless," writes Mrs. J. E. H., from Cambridge, Massachusetts, "the little yellow half-breed we took from you has proved a pleasant addition to our family. He does not know much, but he loves much, and that is a great deal to my little daughter. He ate up the maid's dinner between courses, he chewed a hole in a good shawl, and he has shown himself a real, live dog in many ways, but he has found a place to love and be loved."

From Winthrop, Massachusetts, comes this letter: "We are glad to make a very good report of Jack, the Irish terrier recently taken from your home. We are very fond of him and he evidently knows it. He has the three good legs which we took; as to the fourth, can only say we have hopes of a good one some day. He is very lame, but if good care and attention will make it good, he will some day have four legs instead of three."

"The dog which I received from you seems to be very well contented," writes H. E. W. from North Easton, Massachusetts, "and I assure you that he is very satisfactory to me. He takes great pleasure in riding in electrics and carriages. Whenever he has a chance he will jump on a car, that is, if it is not in motion, and it is hard to get him off the car. A few days ago, while out with some of the children picking blueberries, he was seen to eat some off the bush, and on close observation it was noticed that he only ate those that were ripe. He is also very fond of ice cream and strawberries."

The new owner of Jack (now Blanco), the English setter, writes from Dalton, Massachusetts: "Jack is a dear dog, and I love him already. He is very pretty and bright, and exceeds even my

fondest hopes. I promise you that he shall have the best care and the best home that I can give him always. We have never parted with one of our pets, horses, dogs or cats, and I hope we never shall."

Of the old horses bought recently from the League Old Horse Fund one was a bay with sprung fore legs and broken-down tendons in all four limbs. The man who had him had paid twenty dollars for him at auction and was trying to find a buyer at the same price. After some argument he sold the animal for five dollars. Another derelict was an old bay mare with teeth entirely gone. She was taken from a stable in South Boston and sent to the abattoir.

A little girl writes from Newton Centre: "The little kitten that I took from the League is perfectly happy and contented. At first she followed every one that passed the house and at last one night she ran away, but we recovered her after three days and since that she has stayed around home. Some mornings I wake to find her on my pillow, and then I take her into the bed with me and she cuddles down under the clothes like any person. We all love her very much and should be sorry to lose her."

The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt."—Charles Kingsley.

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